

Important from Washington.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE. This body has resolved to adjourn *sine die*, on the 29th inst.

Passengers arrived at Boston, Monday evening, at 9 o'clock, by the Eastern Railroad, in 16 hours from Bangor.

One dollar bills of the State Bank, Boston, altered to ten, are in circulation.

It is said that at least one thousand New York merchants reside in the neighboring cities and villages in order to escape the heavy taxes. It is about the same here, only on a larger scale.

This vote, it is believed, decides the question of the inability of the House of Representatives to pass the new Tariff at the present session of Congress. There were 27 Democrats absent, and 18 Whigs. The result is as you see above. A full House would not have made the vote less decisive.

The N. Y. Mercury says there is nothing certain in this life except death and quarter-day.

One sale this morning was to noon a small vessel, one third Ohio, some at \$5, one third at \$6, and one third Genesee at \$12; yet some sellers of common Genesee at \$6, who taken up, and buyers try hard to get it at \$5; corn sorts steady; 1500 bushels Northern Corn \$2 1/2c 56 lbs, and 1000 bushels Rye at 70c. Cat 32c per bushel.

"	2d quality.....	70
"	common.....	60

HOPS.

Wholesale Prices.

1st sort, Mass. 1843, per lb.....	6
2nd do, " " " " " " " " " "	4

THE POET'S CORNER.

BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.

BY MISS HORTON.

'Twas wondrous strange, how great the change,
Since I was in my teens,
Then I was in my teens,
And joined the gayest coveys.
But lovers now have ceased to roam—
No way they now contrive
To poison, long or drive themselves—
Because I'm twenty-five.

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,
I ne'er would walk abroad,
Without—the blue, the honor, Miss,
Of seeing you safe home.

But now I go, through rain or snow—
Persuaded and secure alive,
Through all the dark, without a spark,
Because I'm twenty-five.

They need to call, and ask me all
About my health and soul;
And then my cheek less pale;
But now, alas! if I am ill,
None care that I revive;
And my pale cheek in vain may speak,
Because I'm twenty-five.

Now if a ride improves my side,
I'm forced to take the stage;
For that is deemed quite proper for
A person of my age—
And then no hand is offered me,
To help me out of my car;
They think it would be too full,
Because I'm twenty-five.

Oh dear!—I'm queer that every year
I'm slighter and more;
For not a bean pretends to show
His head within our door,
Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,
My spirits now revive;
And one might near as well be dead,
As say—I'm twenty-five.

LADIES DEPARTMENT.

Courting by Proxy.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME."

Young Mr. Alonzo Rush was dreadfully

in love, as, indeed, which of us is not? Every

body has a passion, though, fortunately, the

objects are infinitely varied. Mr. Alonzo was

in love with himself for a year or two after he took

leave of childhood and milk-and-water; but

after that his grandmamma told him he ought

to marry, and he forthwith fell violently in love

with his future wife, and vowed to follow her

to rest till he had found her. This may be

termed "love in the abstract," which, as we

shall see, is not without its perplexities.

Mr. Alonzo was a darling boy, an orphan, and

the heir of a good knickerbocker fortune. His

grandmamma was a good woman, in a sense

the cold, legal meaning of the term. She

picked the bones out of his fish, and reminded

him of his pocket-handkerchief, during all the

years of his tender boyhood; and, until he

was full-fledged, she kept him in her room,

and had his face washed by her own hands,

warm water, every morning. Even after he

called himself a man, she buttered his muffins

and tucked up his bed-clothes, with a solicitude

above all praise. Thanks to her care and

attention, he reached the age of twenty-one in

safety, excepting that he was very subject to

colds, which she treated with the most delicate

and, excepting also that he showed a

unaccountable liking for the society of a little

tailor who had always made his clothes during

his minority.

But now, as we have said, he was dreadfully

in love; and what made his situation the more

puzzling was that his grandmamma, in her

various charges, had entirely omitted to specify

the tailor to whom his clothes ought to be paid.

She even urged him to choose for himself. What

a responsibility!

"Only remember, Alonzo," said the good

lady, "that you will never be happy with a

girl that does not love you, and that it is as

easy to love a rich girl as a poor one."

"Yes," responded Mr. Alonzo, with rather an

absent air; "yes, and as to mullins—" here he

sunk into a reverie.

"Grandmamma!" exclaimed the darling after a

pause, "could I not ask Parthenia Blinks here

to tea?"

"Certainly, my dear," said the good lady, and

she rung the bell at once, preparatory to the

making of several kinds of cake, and various other

things.

The invitation was duly sent, and as duly

accepted by Miss Parthenia Blinks, who found it

quite always to have a party of her own.

The night as she pleased when the time came—

practice fully adopted by many fashionable.

The time did come, and there was the tea-

table, set out with four kinds of preserves, ar-

ranged with the most exact regularity; and at

the centre a large basket heaped with cake, and

at the sides two mountains of toast and mullins;

tea, coffee, and various accessories completing

the prospect.

The fine old knickerbocker parlor was in

its primest order, every chair standing exactly

parallel with its brother; the tea-table gleamed

in its shining-dish, the cat purring on the hearth-

rug. Two sofas, covered with needle-work,

were drawn up to the fire, and the mandarin

on the chimney-piece nodded at each other, and

at the pink and azure shepherd and shepherd-

esses which ornamented the space between them.

Mr. Alonzo, who had been waiting for the

glass giving the last twist to an obstinate side-

lock, which, in spite of persuasion and pomat-

um, would obey that face called a cowlick.

An impetuous ring at the door. The little

tailor, who had been waiting for the glass, beat

at her own hand-work, slipped out of the room,

sighing softly; and Alonzo and his grandmamma

seated themselves on the opposite sofas, for

symmetry's sake.

A billit in a gilded envelop. Miss Parthenia

Blinks' regrets.

"What an impudent thing!" said the old lady,

with a titter of her lip. "We do not know

whether she meant the act or the young lady."

"But come, my dear, you shall eat the mullins,

and never mind her. The next time I ask Miss

Blinks it will do her good, I know."

"Mr. Alonzo, nothing daunted by this morn-

ing slight, turned his thoughts next to Miss

Justina Cuyper, a young lady who resided

with two maiden aunts in a house which had

suffered but little change since the Revolution.

The first step which suggested itself to the

daring, was to ask his "Juppie" before he

reached this golden apple; the mullins must be

propitiated, and therefore it was judged best that

grandmamma should make one of the party, in

order that none of the proprieties might be vi-

olated. Alonzo was character, but, as he was

not much accustomed to driving, his grand-

mamma felt it her duty to take the reins out of

his hands very frequently, besides giving him

many directions which old ladies were not

good proxies in all cases. He even thought of

taking the matter into his own hands, and with

this view it was not long before he set out, like

a prince in a fairy tale, to seek his fortune.

The first house he came to—that is to say,

the one to which his footsteps turned next natu-

ally was one belonging to a distant cousin

of his grandmamma, a lady whose ancestor

came over with Hendrick Hudson, or, as the

family chronicles insisted, a little before. Miss

Alida Van Der Benschoten, the daughter of this

lady—a fresh sprout from the time-honored tree

—might have been known to Alonzo, but that

he had always hidden himself when her mamma

brought her to pay her annual visit to his grand-

mamma. She resided with her mother, one

ancient sister, and two great rude brothers, on

the borders of the city, in one of those tempt-

ing rural cottages, built of brick, three

stories high, and furnished with basins and

verandas of cast iron, all very agricultural in-

deed, as a certain lady said of a green door.

The idea of Miss Alida being once entertained

at the shrubberies about the Van Der Benschoten

cottage, consisting of three abbeys, a private

hedge, and a Madeira vine, seemed to invite a

Romero, and our hero resolved to open his first

set with a balcony scene. Not that he had a

speech ready; for if he had he would have de-

livered it in the parlour; but he had heard much

of the power of sweet sounds, and conceived

the idea of trying them upon the heart of Miss

Alida before he ventured upon words, as Hanni-

bial, (wasn't it?) having rocks to soften, first

clear before him. Having often conceived

rather bands of music in the streets at night—

rather the evening, for his grandmamma never

allowed him to be out after ten—he concluded

that the best music to be so serene, and, making

great exertions to find one of the

most powerful companies, he engaged their

leader to be in full force before Mrs. Van Der

Benschoten's door on a certain evening, re-

solved himself to lie, perchance, in a convenient

spot, ready to speak if the young lady should

appear on the balcony, as he did not doubt she

would. The Corypheus of the band was true

to his promise, and he and his followers had

played with half an hour of music, when, ob-

serving no demonstration from the

house, and feeling rather chilly, they consulted

their employer as to the propriety of con-

tinuing.

"Oh! go on, go on," whispered Mr. Alonzo.

"He isn't waked up yet! (The youth understood

the true object of a serenade.) Play away till

you hear something."

And, on the word, Washington's March

aroused the weary echoes, if not Miss Alida.

This new attack certainly was not in vain. A

window was softly opened, and as the lead, in-

spired by his sight of life, threw new vigor into

their instrumentation, a copious shower of boots,

boot-laces, billets of wood, and various other

missiles, untaken the performers, who, in spite

of the marital spirit breathed but just before, all

ran away for their lives.

Mr. Alonzo seemed to follow, particularly as

he had a snug berth under one of the three al-

theas; but a voice crying "Seek him—seek

him, Vixen!" and the long bounds of a dog in

the track of his master, and he made as

ignominious retreat.

We do not describe the dreams of our hero

that night; but we record it to his everlasting

shame, that he dreamed of a young lady, by

suspicious conclusion of his daring serenade.

He ascribed the rude interruption, very correctly,

to one of Miss Alida's brothers; and every

time he met one of them in the street he used

to tell his grandmamma of it, which, as we

shall see, is not without its perplexities.

Music was still a good resource, and Mr.

Alonzo resolved to try it in another form. He

knew a young gentleman who played the guitar,

and sang many a soft Spanish ditty to his seduc-

tive twanging; and, as this ditty happened to

be a good-natured fellow, and one who did

a large amount of good to his own soul, and

it was difficult to persuade him to attempt

something for a friend.

So, when next the fair moon favored the

stargazers, the young man, who was a

spot of deepest shade, best Miss Alida with

music of a far more insidious character than

that first employed by the inexperienced Alonzo.

First female hearts can resist the influence

of music, and he was not long before he

natural Harry Hunt endeavored to expound his

friend's secret meanings; and, after a whole

round of sentiment had rung from the guitar,

"What! Miss Alida, you have been so long

opened once more, and poor Mr. Alonzo scamper-

ed off incontinently."

Harry, who had not been exposed to the

storm which rewarded the previous serenade,

stood up to the challenge, and said, "I have

picked up a delicate bouquet which fell just

before him in the moonlight. This he car-

ried, most honorably, to his friend, whom he

supposed to be already in Miss Alida's good

graces."

"What shall I do?" said Mr. Alonzo, who had

a dim perception of the responsibility attached to

this favor from a lady.

"Why, Harry, laughing, "why, order a

splendid one at N—s, and send a ser-

vant with it to-morrow, with your compli-

ments."

"So I will!—if I don't," said Mr. Alonzo.

"I'll get one as big as a dinner-plate."

In pursuance of this resolve, he called up an

old family servant, and, locking the door, gave

him ample directions, and in the most solemn

manner.

"And mind, Moses," said the young master,

"get one of the very largest size, and give

whenever they ask it." Harry, laughing, "why,

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vant with it to-morrow, with your compli-

ments."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the obliging

Harry, and he dashed off a very pretty note,

entitled, *comme il faut*, and directed it to

Miss Van Der Benschoten, Humming-Bird

Place.

A most obliging answer was returned—an

answer requiring a reply; and by the aid of his

friend Harry, Mr. Alonzo Rush kept up

his correspondence with her so much

spirit, that, in the course of a